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EYE HINTS.

It is remarkable how small a peculiarity in form, posture, or arrangement, suffices to give us a general idea of an entire object, and not only of that, but of many things and conditions relative to it. In a popular book of travels we are presented with a plate, representing the lower part of a pair of limbs projected through a window into the open air; and from that fragment of a gentleman, we can in an instant form an idea of the attitude, bodily and mental, of the whole man. He is a jolly Carolinian, sitting on a rocking-chair, smoking his pipe, and conscious of nothing but the pleasant sensations which follow a good dinner. We are often reminded of this whimsical engraving, as we daily pass one of the club-houses. There, within a window through which one can see from the street, is generally to be seen some snatch of a human figure. Very frequently the object seen is the back part of a head, the owner of which has come to the light to read the newspapers. One just catches a bald crown, below that some short grey hair, and below that again some very red layers of neck. Nothing else is needed. It is a country gentleman of course; one who has been familiar with good port for half a century. Being now temporarily in town, he has called to have his daily spell of the Post or Chronicle, as it may be. Such an object is at once recognised as characteristic of the place, and quite suitable to it. And though the whole man were standing before one, one could not see him more palpably.

The least hint, indeed, suffices. Hence it is quite possible, in casting one's eye along a crowded street, to point out all the proud people within a quarter of a mile, at least all those who are walking away from the position of the spectator. Mark where you see much of the crown of a hat. Wherever that is the case, and the individual is receding, you have a proud man; for, in walking, such men throw back the head, and that enables any one behind to see a good deal of the crown. On the other hand, when much of the crown of an approaching hat is seen, the probability is, that the owner is a studious, or bashful man, or one who feels that he has little reason to expect much courteous regard from his fellow-men. One only source of fallacy besets our outlook for proud men. There are a few old gentlemen, very generally belonging to one of the learned professions, who, in consequence of sedentary life, and through other causes, have become very corpulent in front; by reason of which peculiarity, they are obliged to keep their heads pretty well back. It is just possible that a crown of a hat brought much into view behind, may belong to some such person. This, however, is only an exception from a rule which will generally be found to hold good.

When a lady and gentleman are seen walking together, no person of average acuteness of intellect can be at a loss to distinguish whether they are married persons or not. There is a well-known pair of prints, common in wayside country houses, professing to represent Courtship and Matrimony. In "Courtship," a gentleman is seen displaying great attention to a lady, in helping her over a stile, which she seems at no loss to mount unassisted. In "Matrimony," the same lady is seen attempting with some difficulty to get over the same stile, while the gentleman, already past, is walking coolly and unheedingly on in front. The design of this print has always appeared to us a shameful libel on matrimony. We truly believe the conduct of the gentleman to be capable of explanation. The thing is this. In the first print, he was full of solicitude and anxiety, as all persons who have not the good fortune to be married must be; and this solicitude made him fussy eager to help the lady where she did not need help. By the time, however, that we have him in the second print, he has been made as happy as man can be. His mind has been brought into a state of delightful calm, so much so as to amount to abstraction. So completely has he been rapt by his happy sensations away from all common thoughts, that he has forgot the very person who has been the occasion of all his felicity. But this obliviousness, judged in a liberal sense, is just the highest compliment he could pay to his wife. So, in the ordinary paths of the world, when a lady and gentleman are seen walking together, if you observe in the latter an air of undue solicitude about his companion; if he inclines much towards her, and seems over-polite; and if she, on the other hand, looks a little flurried and frivolous, and appears far more interested about the way her reticule hangs than there is any occasion for; then know that these are unmarried parties. But if the gentleman and lady walk on quietly arm in arm together, both quite upright, and just behaving as a lady and gentleman in their sober senses ought to do, then believe that these persons are married; for now, with both, all anxiety is past, the days of frivolity and fuss have been succeeded by a lady-and-gentlemanlike style of happiness, and all is contentment and peace.

If you observe a pair, who are obviously from such appearances married, entering their dwelling, and should you wish to know whether they have any children, cast a glance at the windows; and if you see a little dog sitting wagging his tail at one, and a macaw chattering on his beam at another, you will be safest to conclude in the negative. But should you perceive no such objects, not even a few flower-pots on the balcony at the drawing-room windows, and, looking a little higher, see two windows with wooden bars across them, you may be as sure there are children in the case, as if you saw the chubby rogues staring through the panes, or heard their merry shout as papa and mamma enter.

The world is familiar with the story of the physician who concluded that his patient had been eating oysters from seeing some shells of that species of the testacea under the bed, and how finely this surmise was commented on by his apprentice, who, going to another patient, and observing a saddle under the bed, came home and reported that the man must have lately eaten a horse. In the case of the oysters, it must be owned that possibly the patient had not been eating any such thing; yet a strict regard to the principles of reasoning obliges us to believe that it was much more likely that oysters had been gobbled in the one case, than that a courser had been bolted in the other. To be very candid, there might be some rashness in the physician's conclusion. The oysters might have been eaten by some other member of the family. Yet, after all, it was not unlikely that they had formed a regale to the patient himself. We know very well that from similar evidence conclusions are come to every day in the world. Old Mr Towser, of a certain town in the west of England, had a large dog remarkably like himself, and which was intimately associated by every body with the idea of his own figure. Whenever this animal was seen at the door of the Bridgewater, did any passer by ever presume to doubt that Mr Towser was sitting in his ordinary seat at the bar fireside, taking his glass of brandy and water! Convictions from such symptoms come upon one intuitively, and are irresistible. Supposing that Mr Towser had been accused of having committed a murder about the same hour when his dog was seen at the door of the Bridgewater, scarcely any one, out of all who had seen the animal there, could have hesi-

tated to swear an alibi in his favour. It is possible they might have been wrong. Pyramus was so when he accepted the veil of Thisbe as a proof that she had been devoured by the lion. But the readiness with which people act on such hints is a powerful proof of the aptitude to receive and make inferences from them.

The human figure is at an average five and a half feet. Now, supposing that, in a darkened room bordering on some well-frequented thoroughfare, a tube of certain dimensions were so arranged as to allow of our only commanding the lowermost six inches, or one-eleventh, of the persons of all who passed. We aver that, in such circumstances, it would be possible to know a very great deal of the general figure and character of those who might pass in review. It would not be merely the old story of guessing a Hercules from a large foot, but much of the general condition of individuals might be predicated from that small portion of the figure. For example, if you saw a pair of feet come up, ensconced within a very nicely made and nicely brushed pair of boots, with deep tapering heels, pointed toes, and blue trousers with braided seams, neatly cut and strapped so as to apply very exactly to the boots, you could entertain no doubt that the owner of these said feet was some officer of the dragoon regiment lying in the barracks, an indefatigable forenoon promenader, a haunter of all possible balls, and a decided lady-killer. Suppose you next observed a pair, sunk in loose-mouthed shoes tied with thongs, and connected with a pair of thin legs, wearing black worsted stockings, and of which even the four inches exposed to view manifest an inclination forwards of at least ten degrees, you could not doubt that you saw the basement of an old man who acts in some such capacity as that of verger, or a winder-up of city clocks, or a recorder of mortality, and the rest of whose habiliments consist of a rusty black coat of antique wideness of sweep, a deep vest, and a pair of equally black and rusty non-descripts, tied with black worsted tape at the knee. Suddenly come upon you a pair of something in white silk stockings and pale-coloured jane boots, with a very small vision of ankle above, and then the bottom of a silk pelisse: you know in a moment from the twitter of those pretty feet, their cut and dress, and the light yet firm hold which they take of the ground, that the owner is a decidedly smart young lady, whom the officer before mentioned surveyed very critically a minute ago as he passed, and whom he intends to have another peep of, by turning round at the end of the street, and meeting her on his return. What varieties of people there are in the world! The next pair of feet exhibit dimly blacked shoes, black spatterdashies, and the bottom of a pair of unstrapped rusty black trousers: reader, do you require to be told that this is the modest-looking man who acts as a private tutor three doors off! Next come a pair of stumping boots, very much splashed, evidently not made by Hoby, thick in sole and low in heel, having strapped spurs attached, and a considerable many folds about the ankles: your seeing the remaining ten-elevenths of this man could not more effectually assure you of an honest farmer who has just ridden in from the country to attend market. The boots stop and give a turn round: the man is looking for some shop, where he was commissioned to buy something by his wife or daughters. A pair of large light-coloured snow-boots, which next succeed (the season not being winter), and which come heavily but not slowly marching along, with a skirt of bombazette or some such stuff sweeping round them, is detected in an instant as the foundation of a fat

old lady, who goes to market with a basket on her arm to buy her own eggs and butter. Then we may perhaps have presented to us two huge pediments, with heavy soiled shoes, and corduroy spatterdashies, the thongs of the shoes being drawn through pie-holes in the spatterdashies, and then tied down above them; this, you know in a moment, is Saunders Bathgate, the Pennyquick carrier, newly arrived in town with his cart, and now engaged in delivering orders "for goods" on behalf of his many country customers. Your mind comprehends the whole man, the integer Saunders, as readily and clearly as if you met him face to face on the plainstones. If six inches of man can signify so much, much more will six inches of child, for there the proportion of the part to the whole is in favour of the observer. See here come a pair of little sturdy shod feet, with very short thread stockings above the shoes, and above that again pieces of thick red fleshy legs which the stockings have evidently great difficulty in clasping or keeping up upon; you need to see no more in order to be aware that this is a stout well-built little gentleman of three years and a half, with the port and dress of a miniature beef-eater, taking a forenoon walk with his nurse, and excessively troublesome on the subject of guns at all the toy-shop windows, although he has a ball in one hand already, and draws a horse behind him with the other. It were needless to enumerate more figures. The above must form a convincing proof of how little in many instances the eye requires to see, to enable the understanding to vaticinate on all that remains.

These speculations are not altogether mere whim or drollery. They point to some practical good lessons. In the social world, points as minute in dress and bearing as any of those above adverted to, have their effect in giving a general impression of individuals. A piece of attire out of taste in its colour or form, a slight uncouthness of pronunciation or address, even so small a matter as a careless or over-familiar attitude, particularly in sitting—all of these little matters, and many others, tell upon men of the world, and also upon women, as indications of the whole man, and may be decisive of much that is for his disadvantage. Great and constant vigilance is accordingly necessary, in those who do not stand quite independently in the world, for the detection and suppression of all such peculiarities.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THIRD ARTICLE.—CAPITAL.

CAPITAL has been defined as "accumulated labour." This, to a certain extent, explains what capital is composed of, but it is not a full definition of the word. There cannot be capital which is not created by the accumulation of labour, but all accumulated labour is not capital. To make any article constitute capital, it must be capable of being employed in satisfying the wants of mankind, either by its being itself adapted to those wants, or by its being the means of bringing into existence those things which are so. It must, in fact, be an useful commodity. It is not sufficient, however, that it be something merely useful to the individual who has it; the root which the savage takes out of the earth and eats, is not capital in any form. It must be something that has utility, and, consequently, value, with reference to individuals besides the possessor. Thus potatoes piled in a granary, whether to be sold, or to be employed by the farmer in feeding the workmen on his farm, are to a certain extent capital. The extent to which an article possesses the qualities of capital is not measured by the pains bestowed on it, or the difficulty of its acquisition. It is not measured, in short, by its cost. A thousand pounds may be spent in labour, the result of which shall not be sixpence worth of capital—say, in building a monument on the top of a hill. A calculation was lately made (whether it be correct or not, is little to the point), to the effect that the Great Pyramid of Gizeh must have cost about as much (that is, occasioned about as much labour) as the Liverpool and Manchester railway. Here we have two specimens of accumulated labour. The former, however interesting it may be as a study, and thence valuable to mankind at large, is, like any of the works of nature, not worth sixpence in the commercial world, while the latter constitutes a capital far more valuable in the aggregate than the various individual portions of labour of which it is constituted.

There is an important quality which must distinguish accumulated labour before it can be called capital;

it must be of such a nature that people will give something for it on account of its utility in a commercial point of view—in other words, on account of its value. The commodity which of all others in existence is most purely of the nature of capital, is money; and so strongly is this felt, that, in the estimation of some, it is the only commodity which should be called capital. This, however, is decidedly a fallacy, for even if money were the criterion of capital, certainly whatever will bring money is in the same position. Thus, railways, roads, piers, docks, and other public works, the stock of which is saleable, are in every respect capital. Public works, however, which the sovereign of a state has made for the general and unrestricted use of the people, however useful they may be, are not capital. A pier at which every vessel is allowed to touch, and by which no individual makes money, is no more capital than a good natural roadstead, or a fair wind, is. If the wind could be taken possession of and let out to hire, it might be converted into capital.

In the opinion of some, manufactories and other works, which are capital put into operation, cease to be, strictly speaking, capital, except to the extent to which they are saleable. It is evident, however, that such establishments, if they are successful, are producing the best effects of capital; and it might perhaps tend better to a clear understanding of the subject, to make a distinction between available and invested capital. Thus, money, and any thing that will bring money, is available capital. An establishment of warehouses and machinery, of which the owner makes profit, but which no other person would take off his hands, is invested capital. A manufactory will in many instances be a mixture of both. It will often happen, that in the hands of the person who has planned and organised it, it is worth more than it would be in any other person's, and that, consequently, no other man will give so much for it as it is worth to the owner. To the amount that it will fetch in the market, it is available capital. The remainder of its value—that is, of its value to the owner—is invested capital. If the owner of an establishment which no other person will give any thing for ceases to make use of it, it is no longer capital either available or invested, and it becomes, like the Pyramids, an old ruin, or any other object that cannot be applied to commercial purposes—a mere portion of the crust of the earth.

Let us now look to the benefits conferred by the accumulation of labour, when it possesses the qualities of capital. It is the great engine by which the useful energies of the human race are concentrated and directed. It keeps the results of industry piled up and accumulated, to await the moment when it can be most advantageously put forth, as Napoleon concentrated his forces, that their united efforts might bear on one selected point. Every convenience which the citizen of a civilised country has at his hand, is the result of this accumulated labour. The savage, when he wants warm clothing for winter, has to hunt down a wild beast, and to prepare the skin for its destined purpose. The inhabitant of one of our large cities can procure, by stepping to a shop in an adjoining street, a similar piece of fur, which the silent operation of capital has caused to be stripped from some animal in a frozen wilderness thousands of miles distant, and to be adjusted, as if by some miraculous anticipation, to his most fastidious taste.

Like many other unintentional benefactors of the human race, the capitalist has been the subject of much ignorant abuse. Undoubtedly his aim, like that of most other men, is generally self-interest. It is because it returns a profit to himself, not because it gives the consumer a cheaper article and feeds the workman, that he puts his money out to use, but the service done is not the less because he profits by it as well as others. In those communities which swarm with idle able-bodied men, and where the introduction of capital is of service the most signal, the opposition to the monied man is generally the most bitter—witness the attempts which were made in the earlier part of the last century to introduce an enlarged system of farming into the Highlands, and the later efforts that have been made to settle manufactures in some parts of Ireland. The more numerous human beings are congregated together, the more powerfully benignant is the influence of capital; and when Ireland shall freely embrace the sometimes overflowing resources of England, it is impossible to anticipate the amount of felicity and prosperity which such a change might bring to that hitherto unhappy land. But we must not throw on the ignorant and needy the sole odium of the prejudices against the capitalist. Such is the natural jealousy which man feels towards the neighbour who shares advantages with him, that we find this feeling lurking in the most enlightened quarters. Authors, for instance, are peculiarly subject to it. Their complaints against the booksellers are of notorious recurrence; and some of them are classical, from the bitter genius with which they are pointed. Yet were it not that the bookseller can exercise his capital upon them, many of the noblest works of genius would never see the light, and few authors would be rewarded for their toils. It is true that the bookseller, whatever appreciation he may have of the genius or merits of the author, will give nothing for a work unless he expects to make the usual profit by his outlay; but this is no more than saying that he is not a disinterested benefactor of genius, who has resolved to bestow his money on a portion of

his fellow-men. Booksellers, like other capitalists, and like other men of all professions that have not something degrading in their nature, are average men, actuated by the same motives, whether tending to selfishness or generosity, as their neighbours; perhaps, indeed, from the nature of their pursuits, and the class of persons they come in contact with, they may be rated a degree higher in point of liberality and good feeling than the average of traders. But this is a digression.

Much has been said of the advantages which the world has derived from the division of labour, a subject which may be noticed on some future occasion. This system never could be carried to any considerable extent without capital, and the more abundant the capital, the more does the community profit by this beneficial arrangement. Adam Smith has given a beautiful illustration of the division of labour, in the preparation of so petty an article of commerce as a pin. He found that ten persons could make 48,000 pins in a day when their labour was divided, whereas, had they been working singly, "they certainly could not each of them have made twenty, perhaps not one pin, in a day." If we withdraw the existence of capital entirely from the pin-maker, we will find the "not one pin in a day" fully realised. We must not, in such a supposition, presume that the operative has brass wire, or even wrought brass, in his possession, for these are created by capital. If he wants to make a pin, we must set him in search of copper ore, which he has to smelt and amalgamate with zinc, that he may have brass to make his pin with. This is putting a case which probably never occurred, but it may serve as an illustration. The individual would hardly perhaps (supposing him even to live in a place where copper is found) make his pin in a week. By Adam Smith's estimate, each individual of the ten must be considered as making 4800 pins per day. Even this number, however, would, it appears, be increased by a more liberal employment of capital than that which took place in the instance alluded to by him. "I have seen," he says, "a small manufactory of this kind where ten men only were employed, and where some of them, consequently, performed two or three distinct operations. But though they were very poor, and therefore but indifferently accommodated with the necessary machinery, they could, when they exerted themselves, make among them about twelve pounds of pins in a day." It is very evident from this, that an increase of capital would in such a case increase the proportional results.

Want of capital is the chief evil which poor communities industriously inclined have to combat with. The long and steady industry of Great Britain, coupled with the absence of internal convulsions and foreign invasion, have given us a greater amount of this accumulated labour than perhaps all the rest of the world put together. It is by this that we preserve our manufacturing and commercial superiority in spite of many advantages on the part of other nations, which might at first sight appear of superior importance. The cotton we use grows in India, but there is no accumulated labour there to be concentrated in its manufacture in the form of the steam-engine and the spinning-jenny; and so, with the disadvantage of being ten thousand miles from the place of its growth, we can manufacture it, and send it back in the form of clothing to the agriculturist who produced it. Again, when there is a sudden demand in some distant country for a commodity which is produced in a neighbouring land, neither of the two states perhaps has capital enough to convey the article from the place where it is a superfluity, to that where it is wanted, until the accumulated labour of Britain, lying by for a profitable use, accomplishes the exchange. In modern warfare, capital is a powerful auxiliary, and nothing but our vast command of it could have supported us through our later struggles. To naval warfare, in which we are so pre-eminent, it is essential. An army may support itself by rapine; it may be merely a collection of human beings let loose to shift for themselves. A navy, however, must be a set of vast machines, which capital alone can create; and until some other country can rival us in this quality, none will be able to meet us on the sea. The extent to which luxuries, or artificial wants, pervade the great body of the people, is one of the most marked outward indications of the existence of capital. It is thus a somewhat singular inversion of ancient notions, that the nation which possesses the greatest quantity of luxuries is likely to be the most successful in war.

The peculiarity of the capitalist, if we compare him with the simple operative or non-capitalist, is, that he can wait for the returns of the industry which is going on under his auspices. The operative works for daily bread, and cannot wait for a market. The capitalist concentrates the fruits of the workman's industry, until they are put in the most advantageous state for being disposed of. Take a piece of printed calico as an illustration. The sailor brings the cotton over the Atlantic; the carter and bargeman take it to Manchester; the carder, spinner, weaver, and printer, with many other operatives, are all successively employed on it, ere it has reached the final purpose for which the cotton was grown. It has lain for weeks on the counter of the retail merchant, and has perhaps been worn as many more before the labour expended on it has been finally paid for; yet the various operatives engaged in preparing it, have, through the instrumen-

tality of the different kinds of capital applied to the manufacture, been paid their wages, some of them months, others years, perhaps, before the final return has been so obtained.

It is not unnatural that the artisan, who sees that his employer never personally touches the manufacture through which he makes his fortune, should conceive that he is himself the sole fabricator of the commodity, and alone deserving of the remuneration. The artisan too frequently considers himself the only person concerned in the creation of that which his hands have made; and as such fallacies have generally their counterparts, the capitalist perhaps occasionally thinks that he is the creator of those riches, of which he is but incidentally the depositary. There are, in truth, no two classes whose interests are more mutually dependent. That the capitalist could not make his large profits without the industrious and intelligent labourer, is self-evident. That the labourer would be poorly off without the stimulant which the capitalist supplies, a little reflection will perhaps make fully as clear. It is quite true that the capitalist does not work in proportion with the artisan for what he makes; yet, if he should cease to make his profits, the artisan would suffer; and it is poor consolation to a starving family to reflect that the rich man is not increasing his store. If it should come to a question between the capitalists and the operatives of this country, which could most easily cast aside the other, the advantage would lie with the former. There are few places in which capital cannot be put out to use; there are not many in which industry alone can find a market. Labourers cannot easily leave their country in large bodies; but a slip of paper may be the means of transferring to another country as much capital as would employ thousands of them.

FALCONRY.

FALCONRY was the favourite field-sport of the middle ages, as shooting with the gun is the predominant one of the present day. It appears, in this country, to have declined and gone out of use in the seventeenth century, in consequence of the gun having then become, by the addition of the lock and flint, a much more ready means of bringing down game than the use of hawks had ever been. Falconry, while it existed, was the peculiar sport of kings, and princes, and nobles, many of whom were painted in life with their hawks seated on their wrist, and were sculptured on their tombs after death with the same creature placed at their feet, thus marking the special regard in which they held the animal which was the means of giving them so much amusement. All over Europe, and far into Asia, the sport may be said to have flourished, from the latter years of the Roman empire downwards; and amongst the earliest books of an instructive kind which found their way into print in most civilised countries, were books descriptive of falconry, and containing directions for those who would practise it with success. Circumstances connected with hawks and hawking, the modes of the sport itself, and the technical terms employed in it, were introduced largely into literature and into the ordinary language of the people, as we shall more particularly show in a subsequent part of this paper.

The sport, we need scarcely remark, was founded on the natural instinct of the rapacious order of the feathered creation, as the chase may be said to be founded on the instinct of the dog to pursue the hare, fox, and other animals. The rapacious order of birds, of which the eagle, falcon, and owl, are the three principal types, are formed in such a way as evidently fits them for pursuing, seizing, and destroying the smaller birds; a part in creation which at first sight appears to involve much cruelty, but which has been clearly shown to be intended to save rather than to produce pain, and to be indispensable to a system of things in which one leading feature is, that there shall always be as many living creatures as can possibly be supported.* The falcon family were alone employed for purposes of sport, as alone possessing the required docility, and of this family two or three species were more frequently used than any other. Of those possessing long wings, the falcon proper and the ger-falcon; and of the short-winged, the goshawk and sparrow-hawk; seem to have been the favourite kinds. Species called the hobby, the kestrel, the merlin, and buzzard, were the next in request. The female, which is in all the varieties of this tribe considerably larger than the male, was alone employed in sport, and the common names of all the species apply to that sex, the male having usually some distinctive appellation: thus the male of the ger-falcon was called the *jerkin*, of the falcon proper the *tierce gentle*, of the goshawk the *tiercel*, and of the sparrow-hawk the *musket*.

* See the ingenious reasonings on this subject in Buckland's *Brigwater Treatise*.

These birds naturally choose retired habitations. The falcon, in particular, builds her nest amongst cliffs in wild and unpeopled regions. In order to fit birds for the sport of falconry, it was necessary to take them from the nest at a very early stage of their existence (then technically called *cygnets*), or to ensnare them in their more mature age, and then train them for the purpose. A falcon in its natural state was said to be a *haggard*; hence, apparently, the term by which we still express a wild or agitated aspect. The first step in training the falcon, was to *man* it, or accustom it to the presence of human beings. Feeding was the grand source of the power which its keeper acquired over it. When it did as required, it was fed, and thus taught to know that it had done right—and not otherwise. If extremely refractory, a stream of cold water was directed at its head, as an admonition that nothing was to be gained by such conduct. From the very first, the animal was accoutred with certain paraphernalia, the names of which at least must be familiar to most readers. First, its head was covered by a leathern hood, fitting close all round, so as to shut up its eyes, and calculated, by a slit behind, to be readily slipped on and off. On the top of the hood there was a tuft of feathers, which usually has a graceful effect in the old pictures representing ladies or gentlemen travelling with their hawks upon their wrist. Leathern straps, called *jeses*, a few inches in length, were fitted to the legs of the bird by a button slipping through a slit or loop. Close beside the end attached to each leg, was a small spherical bell, like those of a child's rattle, and composed of silver for clearness of sound, the one being in some nice instances made a semitone higher than the other. The other ends of the jesses were furnished each with a ring, which could be readily fitted upon the swivel designed to connect them both with the *leash*, a long slender strap, sometimes prolonged by a *creance* or common cord, and designed as a tether by which to restrain the animal, at the same time that it should be allowed considerable room for free motion. Two great objects in training were to teach the bird to fly at its proper game, and to habituate it to come back to the hand of its master, after on any occasion having been let free in pursuit of its prey. For the first of these ends, in the case of long-winged birds, an implement termed the *lure* was used. It consisted either of a stick or of a cord, on the end of which were fixed pieces of flesh, with a bunch of the feathers of the prey which it was designed that the bird should fly at, or perhaps an actual resemblance of the prey in its entire form. The falcon being set loose by one man, another stood at a distance waving the lure around his head, thus tempting the animal to advance and strike at it. A whistle was the implement used to *reclaim* or bring back the hawk. When a hawk was to be kept on the hand, strong gloves were worn for protection from its talons. It may here be remarked, that the training of falcons was altogether a most laborious business, and that trained birds were accordingly to be only purchased at a high price. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, a trained goshawk and tiercel brought one hundred marks, and it was considered a favour to part with them. The extreme labour attending the training of the animals must have been sufficient in early times to confine the sport to persons of birth and fortune, if there were no other cause, and it must also have conduced to the rapid decline and extinction of the sport, after a ready means of killing wild-fowl by the gun became attainable.

The sport, after being long given up, was revived in England a few years ago by Colonel Thornton, the Duke of St Albans, and a few other gentlemen, chiefly through the influence of a taste for whatever is elegant and romantic in the usages of our forefathers. It is said to be a gallant and goodly sight, when a train of well-mounted English gentlemen and ladies ride forth on a clear sunny day, to pursue this sport, attended by their falconers, each with his hawk on his wrist. In the present day, as of yore, various kinds of feathered game are flown at. Heron-hawking is, we believe, in greatest esteem. The heron, as must be generally known, is a large bird in appearance, with a long neck, long legs, and a long sharp bill, being designed to haunt marshes and pools, and feed upon whatever fish it can find therein. It is, however, a light insubstantial bird, with nothing to protect it from enemies but its sharp bill. Herons are gregarious, and the lonely places where they live are called heronries. These explanations will introduce the following account of heron-hawking, from Blaine's *Encyclopædia of Rural Sports* :—

"The daily visitations of the heron to its feeding places are watched by the falconers, who station themselves to the leeward or down wind of the heronry, so that the heron on its return must fly against the breeze, which gives a great advantage to its enemy. As soon as one is discovered on the return, a cast of falcons is let loose, who, catching sight of the quarry, rise in pursuit. The heron, instinctively aware that its life is at stake, prepares for the fray by disgorging the contents of its stomach to lighten the weight of the body. The coursing falcons ascend the airy vault in spiral gyrations, by which the atmospheric resistance to their flight is lessened. These circlings, it has been observed, have frequently the curious effect of presenting the three birds as flying in different directions; whereas the real intentions of the two hawks are steadily directed to one point, which is that of contact with the heron, whose entire efforts are as

steadily engaged in avoiding it. To effect this, the affrighted heron strenuously endeavours to rise above the hawks, who, however, by superior power of wing, commonly succeed in getting the upper station, from which one presently makes its stoop; and happy it is for the poor heron if he can evade the blow, which he occasionally does, either by shifting his station, or by receiving the falcon on his sharp bill, which instantly transfixes it. This danger is, however, denied on authority, but we feel assured that it does occur. The second hawk, if the first fails, stoops in his turn; but the meditated blow of this also is frequently evaded like the former. The trio then still rising higher and higher, the sight becomes interesting in the extreme, and the spectators are scarcely less agitated than the feathered warriors above. At length another stoop takes place, and the fatal seizure is made by one hawk, while the other binds to his fellow, and all three quickly descend together, but not with a dangerous rapidity, as their powers of inflation and the action of their wings break the fall. It is now that the mounted horsemen make the best of their way to the assistance of their falcons, and their first efforts must be directed to secure the head of the heron, that the sharp beak may not take effect on one or both of them."

Pheasants are objects of this sport, but not to a great extent, on account of the inconvenience presented by the sylvan ground in which the sport must be practised. Partridge-hawking is found to be a more convenient sport. To quote the same authority—"The scene of practice is commonly on large fields, or open tracts of country, where the horsemen and company generally can beat in line, and the attendant falconer or master, being well mounted, can ride forward, and be ready to receive the quarry. Either pointers or spaniels are necessary, or both. Sir John Sebright says, that high-ranging pointers are the best dogs for the sport, for the birds will often lie to a dog when they will not suffer horsemen to approach them. Neither, provided the hawk used be well broke, is it necessary that it should be very near the dogs when they point, or near the birds when they rise. He also observes, that, if the hawk be within two or three hundred yards, it will be near enough, if her *soar* be high and she directs her view inwards. In case she should not do this, she must be lured by the voice, or constrained into noticing by the lure itself. It is however observed, that it is better that a flight be lost by the hawk ranging too far, than that she should be lowered or confined in her pitch by too much luring. Sufficient time should by all means be allowed to the hawk to mount well before the game is sprung; for being sufficiently elevated, her range of vision will be equal to take in the whole expanse around her, and incline her to watch the moving scene more attentively than if she were nearer.

The partridge being flushed, the hawk will stoop with astonishing rapidity, and seize on it; at which time neither horses, dogs, nor company, should press forward; on the contrary, they should permit the falconer only to advance, who, approaching the hawk with caution, must walk quietly round her, when, gently kneeling down with his arm extended, as though in the act of feeding the hawk, he should lay hold of the partridge, and at the same time place the hawk on his fist. This done, put on the hood, and reward the hawk with the head of the quarry, and if she be not intended to fly again, let her be fed immediately.

A somewhat different method of partridge-hawking is practised in the latter part of the season, when the country is very bare, and when the partridges are often very wild, and lie indifferently even to the dog. In such cases it is recommended that the company 'draw up in line at fifty or sixty yards' distance from each other, and gallop across the plain with a hawk upon wing, the falconer being in the centre of the line, that he may regulate the pace by the situation of the hawk. Sir John Sebright informs us that this method of partridge-hawking has afforded him more sport than any other, and that when the face of the country was so bare, and the birds so wild, as to make it impossible to approach them in the usual way.

Brook-hawking, as it is often termed, was much in vogue formerly. The practice was not, however, confined to brooks, but extended to rivers, sea-shores, moors, and ponds. It engaged, according to Blome, 'the jer-falcon, the haggard falcon, the jerkin, and the tassel gentle.' Waterfowl of every description were made prey of; but some particular objects, according to the training of the falcons, were particularly sought for. Dogs were employed to rouse the fowl, being led on by men who traversed the water's edge; while horsemen, with the hawks on their fists, were at hand to *cast off* one or more, according to the nature of the game. A heron or mallard would require two, while a widgeon or a teal would probably engage only one.

Blome's description of brook-hawking commences with the following hints on the training of falcons to this sport :—"In many places there are ponds inclosed with woods, bushes, and the like obscurities, so that they are concealed from passengers, and such places ducks do much resort unto: now, for the training up your hawk to take them, observe these directions. Your hawk being in all points ready to fly, be provided with two or three live *truis* ducks, and let there be a man who must lie concealed in some bush by the pond with them, so that, coming to the place, having your hawk prepared for the sudden flight, but the

bush with your pole, where the man lieth concealed with the ducks, who must cast forth one of them, to the end the hawk may think it was put up by you; and if with a courage she takes it, reward her well; and this is the way to train up a gohawk to catch a fowl at once. Having trained your hawk to this, you may boldly go with her to the ponds where the fowl lies, and creeping close to the place, raise them up by beating about with your pole; and when any rise, let go your hawk from your fist, and if she seize it, let her take pleasure thereon, and reward her well. It is very necessary to have a spaniel with you; for if the hawk is well acquainted with the sport, she will be so nimble at the catch, that they will fall into the water together, and by that means the fowl may go to plunge, so that then the spaniel will be ready to do good service, and not displease the hawk. It is when your hawk will fly, jump, and come in at your lure, it is then that she is fit to go to the river in earnest; and to further manage your flight, observe these directions. When you have found where the fowl lies, then go about a quarter of a mile up in the wind to the river side, and whistle off your hawks, loosing their hoods, and let them fly with their heads in the wind, for there must be a cast of hawks for this flight; then let the falconers, or others that are at the sport, strike their poles in the water, to cause the hawks to come in unto you, and own the river; and when they are got up into their places, then let one of the falconers go below the fowl, that is, down the river; and the other that is above, let him come down, and show the fowl again, and by that means the fowl will be crost over land, that the hawks may make a fair stooping; and knocking the fowl on the land, will occasion the killing it, which will quarry your hawks. But if they should miss their stooping, so as the fowl may get to the river again, then your hawks must go to their wings to make good their flight; but if the fowl should go to plunge, then take down your hawks, lest you should fly them too long; and the falconers, with their spears or poles, may endeavour to spear or kill the fowl, which take to quarry the hawks with. If they kill not the fowl at first stooping, give them respite to recover their place; and when they are at their place again, and their heads in, lay out the fowl as before directed, and reward them well if they kill. You should do well to have a live duck in your hawk-bag, that if they kill not the fowl which is stooped (as oftentimes it happens), then your hawks being at their pitch, and their heads in, you may throw to your hawks and reward them; and by this means you shall always keep your hawks in good life and blood, and to be inwards."

Laying out of view entirely the partial revival of the sport in modern times, it may be said that falconry is, and must ever remain, a living thing amongst us, in consequence of there being so many references to it in literature, and its terms being so largely received into our common language. Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, to say nothing of many meaner names, abound in allusions to this sport of the noble and princely, and in images derived from the falconer's craft. One of the most affecting stories in Boccaccio is that of the reduced gentleman, who long wooed a lady unsuccessfully, and at length on her visiting him, having no other means of entertaining her, gallantly sacrificed his falcon for her meal, and thereby, though without design, gained her affections. The idea in Othello's exclamation respecting the suspected Desdemona—

"I'll whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune—"

is taken from the act of setting off the hawk upon her flight.

What! all my pretty ones—all
At one full swoop?"

the frantic inquiry of Macduff—is from the act of the bird itself in descending upon its prey. Milton speaks of "imping his wing" to a bolder flight. *Imping* is the technical term for the process of mending a broken feather in the wing of the hawk; the process itself consisting in splicing, as the sailors would say, a new feather to the stump of the old one, with a needle passing through both at the juncture, and holding the two pieces together. Knowing this, the reader will understand Sir Philip Sidney, when he speaks in his sonnets in praise of Edward IV:

Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame.

"Hood-winked," a familiar phrase for one who walks in any kind of mental darkness, is from the practice of keeping hawks hooded till they were ready to fly. We speak of "flying at higher game," from a traditional notion of hawking. The term *hawker*, expressive of a travelling merchant or pedlar, is probably derived from the old custom of carrying about hawks for sale. These men carried the birds upon a frame slung from their shoulders, and termed a cadge; hence *cadger*, another but comparatively local term for an itinerant dealer. Most curious of all is the term *musket*, which seems to have been derived from the technical name for the male sparrow-hawk, on the same principle which was followed in calling pieces of ordnance in the sixteenth century by such names as the Great Falcon, Thrawn-mou'd Meg, and so forth. Another strange memorial of falconry is found in the term, now common in our large cities, for a lane of stables running behind a street. The birds employed in the sport annually *mowed*, or changed their feathers. The

place where the birds retained by the English monarch were put on those occasions, near his palace, was called the King's Mews. The buildings for the hawks were in time supplanted by stables for the royal stud, but still the name of King's Mews or Meuse was retained. This has in time spread to stable-lanes, as already mentioned, all over the kingdom.

SANATORIUMS.

THE term Sanatorium, which is nearly synonymous with the French *Maison de Santé*, or House of Health, has been suggested as the title for an Hospital-Establishment of a peculiar order, lately proposed to be set on foot in London. The objects of this institution seem to us of so commendable a character as to claim some notice at our hands, and we give it with the greater willingness, as our pages are more particularly addressed to the very classes of society chiefly interested in the subject, and may be the means of calling their attention to it more readily and extensively.

The Sanatorium is intended to be, in some measure, a private hospital, calculated for the benefit of many individuals of the middle and lower classes of society, who, when labouring under disease, are unwilling to resort for relief to an ordinary medical charity, yet are not so circumstanced as to be able to pay for medicines, and to procure the attendance of physicians and nurses at home—at least, in a manner suitable to their ailments. In short, the proposal is, to give to every such person, through the advantages of combination, the amplest and best means of relief under bodily distress, at the lowest possible rate of cost, without rendering them debtors to public charity, as in the case of common hospitals. It appears to us that there is a large section of society, which establishments of this order are calculated to benefit extensively and lastingly. Mechanics and working men of every description, and all who fill the humbler departments in offices, shops, and warehouses—especially where they are unmarried and live in lodgings—together with all domestic servants of the more respectable class, who usually are compelled to leave their places of service when attacked by serious diseases—these, and many similarly situated parties, must be again and again thrown into the deepest distress by the want of such institutions as the one now proposed. On the other hand, there is an equally large class of individuals, not residing in cities, to whom such institutions would also be of the highest benefit. There are numerous persons, in rural situations, afflicted with diseases of a chronic kind, such as old ulcers, eruptions, tumours, and the like, who might be relieved by the superior medical advice to be got in cities, but who cannot make up their minds to enter a common hospital as objects of charity, or to risk the expense attending a residence in private lodgings under the charge of proper nurses and proper medical attendants. They are in decent enough circumstances to shrink from the first of these alternatives, yet too poor to venture on the second step. Small farmers, and respectable tradesmen, with their wives and families, as well as servants and others who have laid up a little money, are the parties usually placed in this dilemma, and whose comfort in life is too often impaired in consequence. Their existence itself is in many cases shortened by the same cause. To these persons the Sanatorium would be an institution of the highest value. They would there enjoy, for the least possible cost, the best possible tendance and advice, and would neither, on the one hand, have their honest pride hurt by the sense of accepting eleemosynary relief, nor be alarmed, on the other, by fears of incurring debt, or draining the scanty resources of their families for a personal end.

So much for the principle of the Sanatorium, which seems much the same as that which leads gentlemen to form club-houses; union lessening cost to individuals. Sanatory institutions, based on this leading principle, appear to us likely to do much good in every great seat of population. The details of the plan may differ in different places, and will do so, it is probable, if the idea be adopted to any great extent. The following are the leading features in the scheme of the London Sanatorium, projected, we believe, by Dr Southwood Smith, a gentleman who has won an honourable reputation by his excellent work on human physiology. A payment of about two guineas a-week made by each patient, insures to him bed, board, and medicine; the attendance of skilful physicians and nurses; the use of a separate room if requisite; with baths, quiet, pure air, and all the curative means and appliances which science has provided in aid of medicine. To collect a fund of £3000 wherewith to commence operations, life-subscriptions, of ten guineas each, and yearly subscriptions of one guinea, have been proposed and opened, the subscribers in such cases being privileged not only to share the advantages of the institution at a lower rate of cost, but to recommend non-subscribers as inmates. It is only a few months since the idea of the institution was first started, but the subscriptions, and particularly

the annual ones of a guinea, are already numerous, and there is every prospect of the requisite sum being soon made up, and the building got ready. As for medical attendance, it seems to be arranged that one resident medical officer shall take the general charge of the house, assisted by others who are to act as visiting physicians.

We trust that this establishment will go on and prosper. But we have now to present a claim for the Scottish capital, as having had the merit of leading the way in this particular path of sanatory policy. In 1837, a private hospital was opened at Minto House, Argyle Square, Edinburgh, the leading principle of which is identical with that of the London Sanatorium, as will appear from the words of the original Report. "It is intended for the benefit of a numerous class of individuals, who, when labouring under disease, are unwilling to be considered objects of charity, and to enter a public hospital. It must frequently happen that housekeepers, servants, and lodgers, when affected with ill health, cannot, in their peculiar circumstances, obtain all the attention and comfort they require. In many cases it is particularly inconvenient for the masters or friends with whom they reside, to afford them suitable accommodation, professional attendance, medicines, and nursing; and to them, therefore, the advantage of a *maison de santé*, to which recourse may be had, must be apparent. In such an institution the patients enjoy the seclusion of a home; and as something is paid for the services of which they stand in need, the feelings which would arise from being treated entirely as objects of charity are removed." The same Report then points out several of the advantages likely to accrue to country patients from such an institution, with other circumstances rendering it worthy of public notice; and mentions that the charge for board, lodging, medical attendance, and nursing, was to vary from 10s. to 20s. per week.

Three regular medical officers, Drs Peddie, Brown, and Cornwall, aided by the valuable services of Professor Syme, in the capacity of consulting surgeon, took the management of this private hospital. Minto House, where it was commenced, had formerly been a surgical hospital, and is a building of no great extent, yet airy and commodious. As the originators did not possess the advantage of large subscriptions to establish their Sanatorium on a very extensive scale, the number of patients received and treated by them has not been, on an average, above fifty or sixty annually. This may seem a comparatively limited amount of practice, but it must be remembered that only eight or nine patients can be received into the house at one time, and that many of them, being afflicted with diseases of long standing, occupy the rooms for a considerable period. With regard to the description of persons thus relieved, we are told that they consisted of the class for whose benefit "the institution was principally intended, such as strangers from the country, individuals in reduced circumstances, clerks, shopmen, the upper class of servants, &c. Of the cases coming under treatment, many have been highly important and interesting in a medical point of view, and several requiring the performance of severe surgical operations." The Report for last year also states that "patients have lately come from great distances, and that the hospital has met with countenance from families in the higher circles in town, from commercial houses in which boarders are kept, and from hotel and lodging-house keepers, who have placed under our care valued servants and others." The medical managers conclude, from their past experience, that, as the institution becomes more widely known, the number of admissions will progressively increase.

It is but just, therefore, to the gentlemen now mentioned—who have for three years sustained this Sanatorium by gratuitous labours of no common extent, as well as kept up a large out-of-door and dispensary practice, by which no fewer than 5611 poor persons were relieved during last year—to state that they have the merit of having given a fair trial to the scheme now about to be carried into operation in London. It is true that the trial has been made on a comparatively small scale, yet the public have it in their power, by increased support, to extend the advantages and sphere of usefulness of the institution. It is excellent as far as it goes, and has nurses, medical attendants, and other conveniences suitable for its extent; the patients are treated as if they were in their several homes, and, according to their wishes and means, are provided with single rooms, or have the comfort (which most of them are found to like) of the company of others of their own sex during their confinement; scales of comfortable diet are arranged for them, in accordance with their wants and their maladies; and, in short, the establishment is conducted with great liberality, judgment, and care. But Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, if fully alive to the advantages of such an institution, would support its managers more generously, and enable them to work on a scale of increased utility. This might be done, to a certain extent, by patients themselves taking advantage of the opportunities which the institution, as it is, affords; but if the public were to come forward at the annual meetings of the supporters of the dispensary and general establishment of Minto House, and to strengthen the hands of its managers by their support, something still more worthy of the capital of Scotland, in the shape of a Sanatorium, might be

the result. Who can say that he may not, ere many years pass over his head, require the services of such an institution? It is to those, certainly, who know not the comforts of a family circle, and of friends around them, that a Sanatorium seems to hold out direct prospects of advantage; but those who possess these blessings may one day have them not, and may be glad to have that substitutive help in distress, which the establishments under consideration are so well calculated to afford.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CAREER OF A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

IN Egypt, at the present day, and in various other eastern countries recently opened up by the increase of steam-navigation, an assimilation is rapidly taking place between the customs of the west and the east. In past times these have remained almost entirely isolated and distinct, the intercourse between the different climes not being of such a nature as to cause an amalgamation between their habits, at least to any great extent. But, now-a-days, commercial travellers pass as regularly between London and Alexandria as between London and Hamburg, or Glasgow and Manchester; and the consequence is, that fashions and manufactures are flowing from the west into the east in great abundance and with great rapidity, promising soon to create new and powerful ties between regions and races hitherto really little known to one another. The end of all this cannot but be for good; but long-existing prejudices cause this incipient intercourse to be sometimes attended by a degree of effervescence, such as accompanies the union of different chemical elements. From inattention to the peculiar prepossessions of their oriental customers, commercial men from Europe, and especially those of a bustling and officious order, frequently get themselves into odd scrapes, and scrapes not unattended with danger.

A traveller from Paris, named Bonnard, a brisk stirring fellow, who rejoiced in the office of agent for a distinguished *dépôt* of male and female fashions in dress, conveyed himself not long since to Alexandria, with a large assortment of rich articles of attire, which he proposed to dispose of to the lords and ladies of Egypt, but more particularly to the ladies. Through dint of activity and perseverance, he was successful beyond his hopes. The Mussulman aristocracy are eminently accessible. The meaneast water-carrier of the Alexandrian streets may present himself to Mehemet Ali in person, and make a verbal appeal, or deliver a petition, just as used to be the case in the days of Haroun Alraschid. The eastern nobility imitate this regal fashion; and hence Bonnard, while in Alexandria, found it not very difficult to obtain a hearing from the great men of the city, and to lay before them specimens of his rich goods, which led to extensive purchases by these pachas and boys, for the decoration of the invisible ladies of their respective households.

On moving from Alexandria to Cairo, Bonnard learnt that in the latter city there resided a certain Abdallah-Pacha, a wealthy and powerful lord, who had recently married a most beautiful lady, and one of whom he was devotedly fond. Bonnard immediately resolved to make prize of Abdallah-Pacha, and found no difficulty, accordingly, in making his way into the presence of the eastern grandee. He found Abdallah sitting in luxurious ease upon a divan, alone, in a large saloon, and smoking with most oriental languor and enjoyment. Servants were present, but not a whisper or footfall could be heard. All were dumbly attentive to the looks and signs that came, or might come, from their master, who was a man in the prime of life, with finely cut features and head, a long beard of glossy black, and eyes that sparkled like carbuncles. The contrast between this grave, awe-striking personage, and the dapper lively mortal who now intruded on his luxurious repose, was most remarkable, as regarded appearance, and every other point. Bonnard was a thorough Frenchman, firmly impressed with the belief that all that was done at Paris was right, and that all that was done elsewhere, if done differently, must be and was indisputably wrong. He dressed precisely in the manner of the lay figures adorning his own *dépôt*, or the pages of the "Journals of the Fashions," which he carried about with him in the exercise of his calling. Such was the person, curled, essenced, strapped, and starched, in the newest Parisian mode, who now approached Abdallah with the same graceful unembarrassed side which he might have displayed in accosting an old college chum. Scarcely waiting for the permissive nod of the master of the house, Bonnard, withdrawing his hat from its elegant position in front of his breast, sat down on the divan, close by Abdallah's side. The Egyptian looked on him with much the same feelings as those with which a noble stag-hound might be expected to regard the approach of a lady's lap-dog; namely, with a sort of grave and lordly surprise, but without displeasure. Indeed, it is known that the orientals feel the easy address of Europeans as a relief, when compared with their own formal and tedious salutations. Such were the circumstances attending the meeting of the powerful Mussulman with the Parisian fancy-agent.

Bonnard was no sooner seated, than he rubbed his hands, and unfolded his sample-stores, eager for a customer. By the help of a little smattering of Turkish and Arabic, in addition to his fluent French, which is partly understood in Egypt, Bonnard could make him-

self pretty intelligible. He started in praise of his stock of goods; Abdallah nodded. The traveller spoke more; still Abdallah nodded. But Bonnard was anxious to bring things to a bearing, and, remembering only his Parisian politeness, he got out with the words—intended to call an important personage to the mind of the Egyptian, and so to stimulate to a purchase, "And how does madame!—your lady?"

The words, simple as they were, acted like an electric shock on Abdallah-Pacha. His lately calm countenance was instantly flushed with passion, and then distorted by its subsequent workings. His hands grasped the cushions of the divan as if he would rend them in pieces, and he commenced to pour forth a torrent of oburgations, few of which were intelligible to Bonnard, though he could not mistake their general tenor and meaning. Yet, though he grew pale, the Frenchman preserved his unchangeable, indestructible smile. When Abdallah seemed to have nearly exhausted himself, Bonnard observed, with a tone in which only a slight falter was apparent, "I have unintentionally said something wrong."

"To ask me 'how does my wife!' By the beard of the prophet," said the still boiling Abdallah, "if I did not respect the claims of hospitality! How come you to know my wife? Unless you had acquaintance with her, you would not ask for her."

"Pardon me, my lord," said Bonnard; "it is the custom of my country."

"It is a monstrous and offensive custom," said Abdallah. The little Frenchman faltered, and simpered, and bowed, and explained; but all would not do. He had touched on the tender point in the eastern's jealous nature; and although his inquiry would have been held as one but of common courtesy in the west, it had the effect, particularly as coming from the lips of a stranger, of jarring on all the prejudices, both national and personal, of Abdallah-Pacha. Still the latter was not an illiberal man in his way; and becoming partly convinced, perhaps, that he had made a mistake, he contented himself by dismissing Bonnard for the time only. "I cannot examine any thing to-day," said he, passing his hand over his yet ruffled brow; "come back to-morrow. Farewell."

This sounded as a peremptory order for departure, and Bonnard obeyed it. As he left the house, however, he accidentally met with a female, whom he recognised as a Maltese, a person who was employed in retailing articles of dress about the households of Cairo. Anxious to get off his stock, it struck the Parisian that it would be a good scheme to give this woman one of his "Journals of the Fashions," that she might place it in the hands of Abdallah's beautiful lady. The thing was easily managed. A slight *douceur* being laid upon her palm, the Maltese took upon her at once the proposed commission.

Little did poor Bonnard imagine, as he moved off with renovated spirits to his place of lodgement—confident that the sight of the magnificent figures adorning his Journal must tempt Abdallah's lady into an order of immense magnitude—little thought the dapper Parisian that he had prepared the way for the outburst of a storm, likely to involve not only himself, but others also, in ruin and destruction! Abdallah, after smoking himself into something like composure, went to the apartments of his beautiful spouse, whom he really loved tenderly. She was seated with her damself, busily engaged in discussing the mysteries of the toilette. Abdallah approached. His eye lighted on a book, covered with splendid figures. He snatched it up, and turned over the leaves. One figure arrested his attention, and in an instant his brow became again black with the passionate blood of the east. Unlucky Bonnard! In the Journal given to the Maltese, there was one portraiture of the "masculine form divine." It was the one by which Bonnard dressed himself. In every particular he copied this great original, from the cut of the collar to the boot-straps. It is well known that these model-figures are like every body and like nobody; or, in other words, as like one man as they are like another; but it chanced that this particular figure was very like Bonnard, as regarded colour of hair, complexion, and every other point, as well as in the dress. Abdallah-Pacha gazed at it as if he had seen a boa-constrictor in his path. His suspicions were re-awakened, and roused to a boiling torrent. He could not doubt but that the Frenchman had formed an acquaintance with his wife, and had presented her with his portrait. It may be guessed what an impression such a belief would make on the fiery and jealous nature of Abdallah. We shall not attempt further to describe it, but will proceed to mention the consequences to which it led. Repulsing his trembling lady, who saw that something was amiss, and who sought to soothe and to explain, Abdallah burst from the apartment where he had found the proof, as he thought it, of his wrongs, and retired to his own chamber to meditate schemes of vengeance.

After a long interval of moody reflection, during which he sat with the hated portrait before him, Abdallah called his blacks, the passive instruments of eastern vengeance. He told them that two victims were to be sacrificed; but when he attempted to name them, he found that the words would not pass his lips. He loved his wife, it has been said, most devotedly, and had hitherto never doubted of her constancy. All that he could say to the blacks was, "To-morrow, I will point out the victims to you!"

Abdallah-Pacha waited restlessly next day for the appearance of Bonnard. The light-hearted little Frenchman was not long in presenting himself. He danced easily and smilingly into the saloon of the eastern lord, little thinking of the fate that hung by a thread over his head, little dreaming of the purpose for which the blacks had taken up their station behind the divan of Abdallah. "I hope," said Bonnard, with a salutation half-western half-oriental, "that I will be fortunate in pleasing my lord to-day. I have brought the richest patterns."

"You have deceived me," replied Abdallah, in a tone of assumed calmness.

"No, upon my honour," returned Bonnard; "all that I offer is of the best quality, and at the lowest price."

"You have wronged me—you have written to my wife," continued the Egyptian, grinding his teeth as if to wear down his passion.

The Frenchman had sense enough to be seriously alarmed at the symptoms presented by the bearing of his interlocutor. "I have never written, seen, or spoken to your lady," cried he earnestly.

"You have sent your portrait to her," continued Abdallah. The Frenchman falteringly exclaimed, "No—never!" Abdallah drew from his breast the Journal of Fashions. "See here the proof of your treachery! Is not this your portrait—the image of your face, person, and dress?"

"No!" cried Bonnard; "it is I who am the image of the dress and appearance of this engraving! I swear to you that these are figures of fancy!"

We shall not endeavour to detail the remaining particulars of this scene. It is enough to state, that Bonnard expended all his eloquence in French, Turkish, and Arabic, to prove that the engravings of the Journal were fancy-portraits. He appealed to every European in Cairo in proof of his assertion. The light of conviction at length dawned on the mind of Abdallah-Pacha, and his affection for his wife made him happy to entertain it.

"Here," said he at length, turning to the blacks behind him, and giving them the unlucky Journal, "this is what you shall throw into the Nile!"

The words startled Bonnard, but Abdallah continued, addressing him, "Bring your whole goods hither, and I will buy them at your own price."

Bonnard received a lesson from this incident, and so may every commercial man who goes to the east. Let them beware of jarring on the prejudices of those whose custom they seek.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ODDITIES OF GREAT MEN.

The greatest men are often affected by the most trivial circumstances, which have no apparent connection with the effects they produce. An old gentleman, of whom we knew something, felt secure against the cramp, when he placed his shoes, on going to bed, so that the right shoe was on the left of the left shoe, and the toe of the right next to the heel of the left. If he did not bring the right shoe round the other side in that way, he was liable to the cramp. Dr Johnson used always, in going up Bolt Court, to put one foot upon each stone of the pavement; if he failed, he felt certain the day would be unlucky. Buffon, the celebrated naturalist, never wrote but in full dress. Dr Routh, of Oxford, studied in full canonicals. An eminent living writer can never compose without his slippers on. A celebrated preacher of the last century could never make a sermon with his garters on. A great German scholar writes with his braces off. Reissig, the German critic, wrote his commentaries on Sophocles with a pot of porter by his side. Schbyel lectures, at the age of seventy-two, extempore in Latin, with his snuff-box constantly in his hand; without it he could not get on.

ASKING OPINIONS ON ONE'S OWN WORKS.

Every one who asks you your opinion on his book, does it in the spirit of the artist who invited a friend to look at a picture which he had lately completed, and said, "Here, what do you think of this? So-and-so was here the other day, and said he didn't like it, and I knocked him down stairs. Now, tell me your candid opinion." What is a man to say under such circumstances? Martial, in sending an invitation to a friend to come and visit him, after telling him what he will do for him, adds, "Nay, more, I'll read you nothing."

IMPLIED INSULT.

To ask a person whom he considers to be the greatest man in any department in which he thinks himself a proficient, is the sure way to offend him. Every one knows the story of Parr being asked who was the first Greek scholar in England, and saying that Porson was the first, Burney the third, and he would leave the inquirer to judge who was the second.

When Schbyel was in England a few years ago, and was entertained at one of the large club-houses, the conversation turned one day after dinner on the poets of Germany. Goethe's death had just been announced, and Schiller had died many years before; and one gentleman who was present accordingly asked Schbyel, in allusion to the death of Goethe, "What poets have you left now?" Schbyel, with indignant pride, and that vanity which it is so difficult for him to conceal even from a stranger, rose from his seat, and, drawing himself up to his full height, said, *Ich bin ein dichter*. ["I am a poet."]

GIBBON AND TACITUS.

There are many points of resemblance between Gibbon and Tacitus, not only in the temper and spirit of their history, but also in their style, though at first sight so dissimilar. One point, in particular, may be noticed. They are both very fond of classing together things which are not really connected, or are only fancifully connected. For example, Tacitus describes Germany as separated from the Sarmatians and Dacians by mutual fear or mountains. Not that mutual fear is a thing of the same kind as mountains; but the combination produces a startling effect, and gives one to understand more than the mere words would imply. The impression would be, that mutual fear is a barrier as formidable as mountains; or, perhaps, that if either one obstacle would not have been sufficient alone, both together were almost insurmountable. In the same way, Gibbon says, in his Autobiography, that if his conversion to Catholicism "had not stripped him of his academic gown, the five important years, so liberally improved in the studies and conversation of Lausanne, would have been steeped in port and prejudice among the monks of Oxford." The combination implies far more than the words would convey separately.

NARRATIVE OF A PRISONER OF STATE.

SECOND NOTICE.

"HEAVEN help the man that comes to be made 'an example of!'" said a friend of ours, whose remarks are ever full of point and significance. Poor Andryane, whose sole crime against Austria amounted to no more than a momentary ebullition of enthusiasm, followed up by no practical act whatever, was doomed to imprisonment for life in the dungeons of Spielberg, "as an example (to use the reported words of the Emperor Francis himself) to frighten any scoundrels of foreigners who might attempt to revolutionise the Austrian provinces." Yet, had the young Frenchman revealed the little that he knew of the secret purposes of the patriots of Italy—in other words, had he informed against his fellow-captives—he might have been liberated; and the priest Paolowits tried him sorely with this view on many occasions. Others were tempted in the same way, and it ought to be mentioned, to the honour of human nature, that in spite of all the hopeless miseries of the Spielberg dungeons, but one, out of the many Italian prisoners there lodged, proved unable to stand this trial. After a vain endeavour to move Andryane, the conversations of the priest with his prisoner usually ended in the following way, and we repeat the words here, because they give an idea of the wishes of the Emperor Francis regarding the prisoners. "I beg of you as a favour (said the captive to Paolowits) to obtain for us some books." "Books! you have already more than you want; they only make your eyes weaker. Besides, reading tends to unsettle the mind. Look at me: I read no books but my breviary. Can you not while away your time by knitting or lint-making?" "Knitting and lint-making occupy the fingers, but not the thoughts." "Thoughts! thoughts!" cried the bishop: "his majesty, you well know, is adverse to thinking, and would have you employed only in one thing—in comprehending the heinousness of your crime, and imploring pardon of God." "Some good books—a Bible, or St Augustine—might, I imagine—" "Must I tell you the same thing a hundred times over! You cannot have them: his majesty will not permit it. Make up your mind upon this point: the determination of the emperor, who desires the salvation of your soul, is inexorable." "Salvation of my soul!—but if our minds become weakened by the inaction of captivity—if we are driven by our sufferings into idiocy!" "Well, has not our Saviour said, 'Blessed are those who hunger now; blessed are those who mourn!' I do not know which irritated me most—the silly sardonic laugh with which this text was accompanied, or the profanation of the text itself. It cost me an effort almost superhuman to restrain myself from breaking out. With my hand resting on my knees, which I convulsively clutched, and my eyes riveted to the ground, I remained silent; and I have always considered the silence which I then preserved, as the most meritorious triumph of patience I ever obtained over myself."

The allusion to "lint-making" requires explanation. Andryane had sought amusement and occupation in transcribing a German dictionary, word for word, on the walls of his cell with a nail, but he longed for work, as may well be imagined, of a more inspiring kind, and begged of the governor to make a request of this nature to the emperor, without whose special orders a cell could not even be swept at Spielberg. "As we were thus pining, the commandant came one day to inform us that the emperor had replied to his excellency the governor on the subject of our petition, and that he had been pleased to grant our request. 'God be praised!' I exclaimed; 'we shall be allowed to use our limbs and to restore our health. On what work shall we be employed?—handling the shovel or the mattock, breaking stones or gardening! Pray, speak sir.' Surprised and embarrassed, the commandant hesitated to explain himself. At last he

informed us that the occupation conceded us by his majesty was lint-making. I should have heard it repeated ten times before I could believe it. 'Lint-making!' I repeated in astonishment: 'what benefit can we derive from such a task, which will compel us to remain seated, while it is exercise and air that we implored of the emperor's humanity? It is no doubt a misunderstanding, and I suppose the governor himself has already remonstrated.' But the next day, poor Krall [successor to old Schiller, and a kind-hearted man], quite ashamed of the duty he had to fulfil, entered our cell, bringing in one hand a scale, and in the other a bundle of old linen. 'Gentlemen,' he muttered, blushing, 'here are your tasks. The commandant has doubtless informed you that you will have a certain quantity of lint to make daily, and I have come to weigh you each your share.' I could not help remarking, 'But this pretended boon is nothing more than an additional penalty.' 'Alas! gentlemen, it is no fault of mine: heaven knows how I wish that I could give you another employment. Have patience; this will not last long.' 'If the linen were only clean!' said I; 'but every piece of it is disgustingly dirty. Look here, Krall!' and I showed him the rags he had brought. 'Where have they been able to collect such filth?' 'At the Great-hospital, sir.'

The unhappy request of Andryane thus led to the compulsory engagement of the captives in work which compelled them to "remain immovable, and to breathe the miasma and the down of foul linen, without giving the slightest employment to the mind." Linen, too, from the Great-hospital!

Andryane had hitherto enjoyed the unspeakable comfort of the society of Confalonieri, a man whom he loved and admired beyond measure, and between whom and himself there was not a single secret. But he was destined not only to be deprived of this consolation, but to be shut up with another person, and that person the one traitor in this noble band of brothers. His patience forsook him at the announcement of this change. "I will not go," he exclaimed; "I prefer being alone for ten years, even for twenty, if necessary!" But remonstrances were vain, and he parted from Confalonieri with mutual sobs and tears. Judge S—, his new companion, seemed displeased also with the alteration. Words cannot describe the added sufferings now experienced by poor Andryane. He durst scarcely utter a word in his cell, much less attempt a renewal of the little correspondences on which the former comforts of existence hung, for fear of being betrayed by the man with whom he was shut up night and day. Pellico and Maroncelli were in a neighbouring chamber, and by speaking through the loop-holes in low tones, acquired by custom, short conversations could be kept up in spite of the sentinels. These conversations were hateful to S—, who knew that his treachery was suspected as the cause of the increased sufferings to which his fellow-prisoners had been subjected. After a prying visit of the officials one day, "I will open the window," I said, as soon as the police left us; 'the dust here is enough to stifle one.' And as I proceeded to admit some fresh air into the cell, S— cried angrily, 'Are you then so blind that you cannot see I am naked? are you in such haste to renew your chattering with Pellico? I have had enough of that—do you understand! My patience is worn out, and I will not have the window opened.' As he spoke these words, he rushed towards me with so much violence that I thought at the moment we should have come to blows. * * * At length S— was taken away; he was liberated—the reward of his treachery. At first, Andryane was almost intoxicated with joy. "He is gone!" I exclaimed, clapping my hands, and dancing about my gloomy cell; 'I can now whistle, talk, and amuse myself as I please—open the window, and converse with my neighbours whenever I like.' I sprang up to the loophole, and, although it was night, called Maroncelli and Pellico, to say to them, as Moretti did when S— quitted him, 'I am no longer under restraint, my friends; rejoice with me, my persecution is at an end.' The 'Silence!' repeated by the different sentinels prevented their replying, and I was compelled therefore to repress the outburst of my joy. Tired at last of pacing backwards and forwards in my prison, of which I now felt myself in full possession, I lay down on my bed, most happy that I had no longer a head within two feet of mine ever watching me."

But S— seems to have completed his defection, by giving information of the conversations at the window with Pellico and Maroncelli, and when Andryane attempted to renew them, a stern "Silence!" from the vigilant sentinels instantly repressed the endeavour. Soon after, he had the pleasure of being restored to the cell and company of Confalonieri. The change was productive of one misfortune. One of the jailors lived in an adjoining cell, and kept a lighted stove, which almost destroyed the weakening sight of Andryane. His eyes and face were inflamed daily and nightly; yet, though all were willing to remove the cause of suffering, nothing could be done until orders arrived for the special purpose from Vienna. The immediate cause of mischief was removed, but the eyes of the captive remained very weak. Andryane was also distressed at this time by the news of his father's decease. To lighten this load of calamity, a hope of escape sprang up. Through a keeper, who became willing to aid them, Confalonieri

corresponded with his wife, and all was got ready for an escape. But, on consultation, it was found that one only could be freed, and now the noble-minded Confalonieri gave a surpassing proof of fraternal love and friendship. On the evening appointed for the attempt, Andryane entreated him to "think of his beloved wife, and fly!" "For pity's sake say no more," returned Confalonieri: 'let me reflect; I will call you presently.' And saying these words, he retired to his cell, desiring me to go to bed. 'Do not forget,' I added, 'that early to-morrow morning you must reply. Frederick, I entreat you, let the thought of Theresa alone be present to you.' Notwithstanding the desire I felt at such a moment to move about in my dungeon, I seated myself on my pallet, that Confalonieri's reflections might not be disturbed. The evening wore on. I heard eleven, twelve, then one o'clock strike, and Confalonieri had not called me—not moved. I began to apprehend that he had fallen asleep, or that, too weak to endure his emotions, he had been seized by one of those long fainting fits which had alarmed me so much during my journey from Milan to Spielberg. Trembling at this idea, I was about to go to him, when his voice reached my ear. In less than a second I was by his side, and asked anxiously, 'What have you resolved?' 'To remain at Spielberg.' 'I cannot believe it,' I cried: 'it is impossible!' 'I will not abandon my companions to their sad fate; I cannot leave you alone, exposed to the displeasure of the emperor; my conscience and honour forbid me. I will never profit by any good fortune that may injure my fellow captives.' Human sufferings are to be deplored, but they have their use. A thousand insurrections could not plead more strongly against unjustly based or improperly exercised authority, than such a narrative as that before us.

In 1830, after six long years of captivity, Andryane and his companion had the pleasure of learning that Pellico and Maroncelli were released. But Andryane's eyes became gradually worse, and medical advice, as well as more lengthened visits to the platform, were allowed him. At the same time, knitting and lint-making, the continuation of which was enforced, rendered these indulgences almost totally fruitless. "Adding to the miseries of our prison the grief caused by the death of my father, and the distracting anxiety of my companion respecting his consort, an idea may be formed of our life during the winter of 1830-31. The uneasiness of Confalonieri was rendered still greater by some hints of the director of police, which confirmed the apprehensions he had already entertained about the health of his adored countess, in consequence of the intelligence he had received at the period of the last attempt at escape. I did every thing in my power to dispel the gloom of his mind by words of hope and consolation. He listened, and appeared touched by my tenderness; but he repeated, in a tone that pierced my heart, 'I shall never see her again, my friend—I shall never see her again!' He then entreated me to leave him alone, that he might without restraint weep over her, to know whose fate he would willingly have sacrificed his life. All day and night I heard the exclamation of 'Theresa, my beloved Theresa!' mingled with sighs and sobs." Poor Confalonieri's wife, a woman of extraordinary beauty and virtue, died at length of a broken heart. The cause need not be told.

In the end of 1831, the cholera broke out near the fortress, and finally in it. The captives petitioned in vain to be attended to, and to be taken to the hospital of the common felons. "On bodies so attenuated as ours, the influence of the cholera could not fail to have an effect. Swimmings of the head, intestinal pains, unusual weakness, indicated too strongly, and were in our eyes certain signs, that we should not escape the pestilence. One night after the last visit, Confalonieri was seized with a fit of shivering and violent pain in the bowels. Other alarming symptoms soon appeared. It was a terrible moment to my heart! I knocked at the door to ask for assistance. The jailors refused at first to reply; and when at last, at my redoubled knocks, one of them came, he told me that the commandant had the keys, and that no one could enter the prison till five o'clock in the morning. In vain I exclaimed in my anxiety that the case was urgent, and that my friend, if abandoned, might die for want of help. He merely repeated, 'I can do nothing—I can do nothing; the commandant has forbidden us to interrupt him.' Happily, however, Confalonieri recovered, and the visit of the cholera had only the effect of adding another item to the inhumanities of Spielberg.

Our notice of this most interesting book must now be brought to a close. The sister of Andryane, a woman of the most elevated mind and most devoted heart, had never ceased her exertions in her brother's favour. She had travelled several times to Milan and Vienna, to beg his liberation at the feet of the emperor himself. On her last visit to Vienna she was successful, after such agonies of suspense as can only be appreciated by reading her own record of them, given in the volume before us. In the beginning of March 1832, Andryane was liberated from the cells of Spielberg. His joy was damped, however, by leaving Confalonieri behind him, a captive still. The following extract from a journal kept by the sister, describes her meeting with her brother at the town of Schoerding:—"Wednesday, March 20th. Day of eternal happiness—he is restored to us! At daybreak I was on the balcony, after having prayed God to grant

strength and courage to all of us, for I trembled lest the prisoner should suffer from the excess of his emotion. About two o'clock, a postchaise appeared in sight. I called to my cousin, although scarcely able to speak. 'Look! a tall man is getting out of the carriage. It is he, I am certain: Alexander, answer me!' A face, pale and emaciated, turned and raised its eyes towards me on hearing my voice. I could not contain a cry of sorrow. 'It is he; but how could I have recognised him!' And I fell on a seat, and could not find strength or speech. My cousin rushed towards the staircase before I was able to stand. He returned leading and supporting my unfortunate brother, who threw himself into my arms, repeating only, with sobs, 'Old—old—dead there without you!' More than an hour elapsed before we could recover from our agitation. Nothing had prepared me to see him thus—dying, presenting the appearance of an old man by his bent figure, and his cadaverous complexion."

We cannot help adding a few words more. Indeed, it is in some measure imperative upon us to do so, seeing that, in our article upon Andryane's narrative of 1837, we expressed our pleasure at the promulgation, about that period, of an act of amnesty, "re-calling the political exiles of Italy, and giving freedom to all who remained in duress." This was a mistake. A few "young men of family" were then permitted to return from banishment by the successor of the Emperor Francis, but these were merely fugitives, against whom no specific sentence had been passed. Those who had actually undergone conviction "for having done or said any thing, however trifling, against the sovereign or his government, are still left lingering by hundreds in Hungarian fortresses, or in exile." The amnesty, so much boasted of by the partisans of Austria, proved but "a fraud (says Signor Prandi) to obtain a good reception for the new Emperor Ferdinand on his visit to Italy." The system of things, therefore, described by Andryane and Pellico, still exists, and to Ferdinand may be applied the words used in reference to his father by a British reviewer of Pellico's narrative. "Have his ministers and courtiers allowed the Austrian sovereign to be enlightened as well as saddened by the sight of these high-minded and deeply affecting Memoirs? Does he know the merit, the goodness, the piety, of which he has been made the jailer? Has he been enabled to measure the full extent of the barbarous injuries of which God will one day make himself the avenger? Are his dreams never haunted by the vision of the scholars and gentlemen of Italy, working in prison-clothes in their Moravian dungeon, bent down by chains under whose weight they are unable to walk, and the pressure of which will not let them sleep, sickening at the smell of food so unpalatable that the famished cannot taste it, fainting under the indirect assassination of a sunless atmosphere, and a slow starvation; perishing from the heart's longings after friends to whom they may never write, after parents from whom and of whom they must never hear; supporting each other by manly and religious hopes against desperate temptations to self destruction; the objects of silent and tremulous compassion to even the lowest ministers of abused justice; to all but to him who alone had the power of relieving them?"

HUMOROUS SCENE FROM "INGLSTON," A NOVEL.

"INGLSTON" is a novel, in one volume,* chiefly devoted to the history of a young female, the natural daughter of a Scottish baronet, and a person of the finest bodily and mental qualities, but in whom all is rendered nugatory for her own happiness by the awkwardness of her social position. Miss Margaret Inglis, as the heroine is named, is by accident thrown for a time into the charge of Mrs Wildgoose, an elderly female of dubious character and intense vulgarity, who occupies a house in Edinburgh, part of which she lets as business chambers to a writer to the signet, and part as furnished lodgings. Here a tea and supper party, given for Miss Inglis's amusement, affords the author an opportunity of introducing a scene of broad humour, which many will recognise as but slightly a caricature of real life. The best parts of this scene are as follows:—

"The ladies of the party, with a very thin sprinkling of gentlemen, arrived at seven to tea and coffee; and Mrs Wildgoose introduced, in an especial manner, to all and each of them, 'her particular friend from the country, Miss Inglis of Ingliston, daughter of the late Sir Norman Inglis;' and Margaret had to go through the ceremony of shaking hands with the whole of the guests, male and female.

There were the Miss Shorts, and the Miss Blythes, the Miss Brocks, and the Miss Brownlees, four families of sisters, consisting of three each; and their brothers were expected, when they shut their shops, or left their counting-rooms. There was Miss Meek, Miss Bow, and Miss Bendy, Miss Gowanlock, and

Miss Clinkscales, Miss Cogle, and Miss Bogle, and twenty other misses, to whom the reader can have no desire to be introduced. And of the gentlemen who liked a good pennyworth of what was going, and had come in for a share of the tea-drinking, there was Captain Stark, the coal-agent; Mr Sprot, the ringer of the music-bells; and Mr Burns, the sub-collector of government assessments; Mr Drew, the dentist; Mr Ballantyne, a student of divinity; Mr Piper, an accountant's clerk, an inmate of the house, who lodged in one of Mrs Wildgoose's attics; Lieutenant Darling, a lean elderly gentleman, with a nose in full blossom, who lived upon his money; and Mr Macintosh, a solicitor before the supreme court. And this is but a trifling fraction of the living mass which squeezed into Mrs Wildgoose's public rooms, between the hours of nine and eleven.

The guests amused themselves in various ways between tea and supper. The younger and more agile part of the company danced up stairs in the drawing-room to Miss Cogle's music, till they were like to drop down themselves, and to break down the ceiling of the room beneath; and in a little space left in a corner, stood a card-table, where Mrs Wildgoose and Captain Stark, Mr Macintosh and Miss Meek, contended for victory at a game which should have been whist, but, in condescension to Miss Meek's capacity, was only catch-the-ten.

During these agreeable proceedings above stairs, the lieutenant, and the sub-collector of the king's taxes, and the ringer of the music-bells, were settling the affairs of the nation in a parlour below, over a tumbler of rum and whisky punch; while the clerk of the attic, the student of divinity, the dentist, and a few other kindred spirits who had joined their company, also in the parlour, together with a bevy of young girls, who liked other fun better than dancing, played at fortune-telling, conversation-cards, and forfeits, which latter were redeemed by many ingenious and novel inventions, besides the long kiss in the corner, and the spelling of opportunity behind the door.

In the course of time it became necessary to desist from all these harmless sports, namely, when the performers were tired of them, and when the piano strings were starting, and its notes rendered dumb by Miss Cogle's indefatigable thumping, and the company both above and below rendered deaf with the noise of the dancers, and the dancers' throats dry and sore with the dust they had raised from the carpet—for Mrs Wildgoose had had the floor-cloth taken off, but in the pride of her heart left on to be seen her Brussels carpet, which she had bought at a lord of session's rump, and which, by candle-light, passed for being fresh out of the loom, and by day-light might have passed for the same, if it had not been a little bare at the door, and at the windows, and near the hearth-rug, and a little more bare where the deceased lord's table, with his draught-boards, used to stand; and these partial symptoms of tear and wear were on this festive occasion rendered much more obvious and general, so that the dancers with the dry and sore throats, and the Brussels carpet, were mutual sufferers, and must have parted with mutual sympathy and consent when the supper hour arrived; and the card-players, being by that time perfectly enfeebled by their mental exertions, simultaneously threw down their newly-dealt hands, and straightway headed the procession which descended to the refreshment room.

There was in Mrs Wildgoose's supper-room a long table covered with refreshments of every sort—every thing, in short, in or out of season, that ever was set upon a supper-table. There were dishes cold and hot, dishes costly and common, in such variety and abundance as would suit every taste and would satisfy every hungry appetite. And another table of smaller dimensions was set out on equally liberal principles, with liquors malt and spirituous, with a few decanters of foreign and home-made wines, which, like the Brussels carpet, were more for show than service, and a host of hot water jugs and toddy ladles, and the whole contents of a crystal shop of tumblers and glasses.

It was not intended, and the company did not attempt it, that they should sit round the table, but they sat as they could, and how they could, two to a chair all over the room, thick and throng, with each a plate on his or her knee; and the first heat of carving, and helping, and stuffing, was over, before it was observed that one of the party was amissing.

Mrs Wildgoose had fancied all along that Miss Inglis was among the dancers. The dancers fancied she was among the forfeit-players or the punch-drinkers, and had given themselves no concern. The players at forfeits and the punch-drinkers had thought nothing at all about the matter. But she had been

among none of them, for on the move being made after tea, when the company separated into different groups, each seeking their own amusement, Margaret had slipped away unobserved to her own room, and there she sat in the dark actually crying with vexation.

Her hostess found her out, and she hastily dried her tears and tried to appear unconcerned, and she was dragged down to the room below, and there was a general shout of joy when she made her appearance. Captain Stark clapped her heartily on the shoulder, and, with a familiar wink, asked her if she had been taking a *snoot*? The solicitor before the supreme court helped her to a chair; and the lieutenant with the blooming nose gave her arm a gentle pinch in passing, and proposed a bumper to her restoration as queen of the company.

'Hip, hip, hurra! hurra! hurra!' roared all the men, starting on their feet and flourishing their glasses; and the din and roaring were like to rend the walls of the apartment, and Margaret sank down upon the seat which was set for her, pale as death, and stunned with the noise, and like to faint with terror and dismay.

'You must return thanks for that,' cried Mr Burns, the gatherer of the window-light assessment and house duty.

'You must make a speech,' cried Mr Herdman, a tall, swarthy, strong-built man, with a loud voice, whose appearance very much suggested the idea of a huge quadruped on its hind legs. This was a gentleman who took a lead on the occasion, and was acting at one end of the table, on which were the bottles and glasses, as master of the ceremonies, over a jug of punch-royal, and he was also at times the buffoon of the company.

'The queen deposes you to make a speech for her,' cried Mr Drew, the dentist.

'Does your majesty depute me?' roared Mr Herdman, who had much ado to make himself to be heard amid the confusion of tongues. 'Does your majesty depute me?' vociferated he a second time, while Margaret sat speechless and shaking, with a glass of hot negus which the solicitor had put into her hand.

'Yes, yes, don't you hear! Yes,' cried the lieutenant. 'Don't you know, man, that silence is consent!'

And without more ado, Mr Herdman rose up, and began his speech forthwith.

'By the permission and special commission,' said he, 'of her most gracious majesty, Queen Margaret'—Here a boisterous peal of laughter from all the company, with clapping of hands, broke in upon Mr Herdman's oration.

'I am hereby,' roared he, in a voice which got above the other din, 'I am hereby deputed, appointed, and commanded, to notify and propound to you her liege and loving subjects, her majesty's most gracious will and pleasure regarding—regarding—that is to say concerning—concerning—I say—'

'You're off your eggs now,' cried Lieutenant Darling, swilling off a glass of toddy.

'Concerning,' continued the speechifier, looking fiercely indignant at the lieutenant, but nothing daunted by the interruption; 'concerning, I say, the late most gratifying testification of your loyalty and attachment to your sovereign. And her most gracious majesty's will and pleasure is'—

'Hear, hear,' cried Mr Gollochar, the hatter.

'Hear, hear,' responded Captain Stark.

'And it is the will and pleasure of her most gracious majesty'—proceeded the orator.

'Out with it at once, man,' cried Lieutenant Darling. 'We are all wearying for her majesty's will and pleasure.'

'Call to order,' cried Mr Herdman, in a tremendous voice; 'I can't get on with so many interruptions.'

'Order,' screamed Mrs Wildgoose, in a shrill key.

'Order,' roared Gollochar, with an accompanying slap upon the table with the palm of his hand, which made all the glasses jingle, and the Miss Brocks, and the Miss Blythes, and the Miss Shorts, giggled in full chorus.

'Order, ladies, I say,' vociferated Mr Herdman.

'Nay, it is order, gentlemen, I think,' bawled Mrs Wildgoose.

'Your majesty must assert your authority here,' interposed Mr Macintosh, relieving Margaret from the glass of untasted liquor, which he saw was only an annoyance and encumbrance to her. 'I fear,' continued he, 'you have chosen an unskilful commissioner.'

'She may easily appoint another,' said Gollochar to Macintosh. 'What do you say to accept of the office yourself? You are a capital hand at a speech.'

'Hear, hear! Mr Deputy Macintosh's speech,' shouted the sub-collector of the taxes.

'Mr Deputy Macintosh's speech,' echoed Mr Piper of the attic.

'Mr Deputy Macintosh's speech,' shouted all the company.

But an interruption was put to the business by the announcement of a new guest, namely, Bailie Liddel of the Canongate, who came puffing and blowing from a committee meeting, which had detained him till a late hour.

'What a walk I have had, or rather race!' said the bailie, wiping, with his silk handkerchief, the drops of perspiration from off his brow and face.

'What will you take, bailie?' said the mistress of the ceremonies, in her sweetest tone.

* Ingliston. By Grace Webster. Edinburgh: W. Tait, 1840.

'I can be at no loss here among such a variety,' replied the bailie, casting his eye across the long table, still amply furnished with eatables, and then glancing along the other table, which offered a no less promising spectacle in the drinking department. 'Bat,' continued the magistrate of the Canongate, 'I think a thimbleful of a raw dram first will be the best thing to keep off the cold.' And, accordingly, the gentleman helped himself to a thimbleful, that is, a thistleful of brandy, and afterwards to a draught of porter; for he was hoarse with his oratory at the meeting he had just left, and he pronounced speaking to be 'drouthy work,' and he proceeded to stay his stomach with a slice of the salt round, a leg of a turkey, a 'tasting' of the lamb pie, some veal croquets, a few custards, and a couple of jellies. Afterwards, by way of amusement, he nibbled at a tart and a cheese-cake or two, and then entered upon the occupation deliberately of mixing a rummer of hot punch to keep all these ingredients in good agreement in his stomach. And while he was engaged in the consuming of this potation, Miss Macgeggins of the Catholic Chapel, and the other musical geniuses of the party, were preparing to sing; and each in succession, and sometimes two or more at a time, squalled to the audience, till Lieutenant Darling, who abominated music himself, referred it to the company if it were not true that too much of any thing was good for nothing!

'I agree with you,' said Bailie Liddel, stirring in his tumbler a fresh supply of whisky and water. 'It is like Deacon Dowie's speech at the meeting about the choking-up of the rivers and the overflowing of the gutters, which had to be cut short, sir, without ceremony, or we would have been nailed to the spot listening to him all night.'

In the mean time, Mr Herdman had disappeared, and, by way of varying the amusement, explored his way, we do not curiously inquire how, to Mrs Wildgoose's sanctum in the upper regions. Whether he went with or without a guide, we cannot precisely tell; but he returned in a short time as a personation of the lady of the mansion, dressed in her crimson chintz gown, her mantle of grass-green gros-de-Naples lined with rose pink, her purple velvet bonnet and feather, with blond lappets, and all proper appliances, and a solitary bunch of brown, dried-up, frizzled hair stuck out upon the middle of his brow, like the curled locks on a bull's forehead. Tall as Mrs Wildgoose was herself, her habiliments did not reach below the middle of the leg of this gigantic masquerader. His dark complexion, however, was on a par with the lady's olive visage.

'I am most happy to have the pleasure of seeing you in my house on this occasion, and hope soon to have another opportunity of having you all to partake of my hospitality,' said Mr Herdman, addressing the company in a soft, mimic tone, so perfectly resembling the voice of Mrs Wildgoose, that the likeness was irresistible. The whole company were in a roar of laughter. The tears started from the eyes of Captain Stark and Bailie Liddel, while the huge female figure paraded about where it could find a footing, and complimented the guests all round, and made such antics and ludicrous movements, that peal succeeded peal of tremendous merriment; and the grotesque figure began to caper in a *pas seul* upon the floor, and the circle opened up to make room for its evolutions, and, to the infinite astonishment and delight of the beholders, it mounted upon the table where the liquors were, and footed it most nimbly among all the bottles, and glasses, and drinking apparatus, and committed not the slightest damage; then down he came with all the agility of a child, and recommenced his steps upon the carpet, and Gollochar came forward as a partner, and the two hooked their arms together, and reeled, and wheeled, and waltzed, and uttered alternately at intervals the most terrific and astounding yells; and some of the rest of the company, inspired by the example, got upon their legs, and joined in the dance, while the circle widened to give them room, and the lookers-on crowded near the walls, or mounted on chairs, to save their toes from being trod upon.

Music was not missed, for it could not have been heard amid the clamour, and the roaring, and the laughter.

They waltzed, and reeled, and wheeled about, tugging and dragging at one another, with such hearty good will, that cries of 'Oh, dear!' 'What do you mean?' 'Mrs Wildgoose, will you settle Mr Fork?' 'Mrs Wildgoose, will you speak to Mr Gowanlock?'—and a variety of such like exclamations and invocations, uttered by shrill female pipes, were heard above the other din.

The wreck and devastation of the ornamental, and some portion of the useful, part of the ladies' dresses, fully justified their giving vent to those thrilling complaints. The Miss Blythes' wreaths of artificial roses were torn remorselessly from their heads, and trampled under foot. The Miss Brocks' greasy, filthy-scented ringlets, met with the same unhappy fate, together with bracelets, handkerchiefs, and scarfs, and dirty, tattered, battered, damp gloves, without number. Miss Bandy's comb of polished horn, was dashed to the ground. Miss Macgeggins' towering ornamental comb of pearl paste, with cruel gilt teeth, was driven into her skull, and while she was suffering from this inhuman infliction, which was the unnatural result of certain kind familiarities of Mr Gowanlock, Mr Herdman's gigantic form came sweeping past behind her, like a man-of-war in a storm coming drive against the

stern of a little brig, and carrying all away before it. And the ill-fated young lady had her gauze skirt and petticoat of glazed cotton torn from her waist, and the lacings of dirty corsets and partial glimpses of dusky under-garments, were thereby disclosed to the company, to their infinite entertainment and delight."

DR CHANNING ON HARD WORK.

THE following striking thoughts occur in a new brochure of the famous Boston preacher, entitled, "Lectures on the Elevation of the Labouring Portion of the Community," of which a neat and cheap reprint has been issued in this country.

"By the elevation of the labourer I do not understand that he is to be raised above the need of labour. I do not expect a series of improvements, by which he is to be released from his daily work. Still more, I have no desire to dismiss him from his workshop and farm, to take the spade and axe from his hand, and to make his life a long holiday. I have faith in labour, and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive. I would not change, if I could, our subjection to physical laws, our exposure to hunger and cold, and the necessity of constant conflicts with the material world. I would not, if I could, so temper the elements that they should infuse into us only grateful sensations, that they should make vegetation so exuberant as to anticipate every want, and the minerals so ductile as to offer no resistance to our strength or skill. Such a world would make a contemptible race. Man owes his growth, his energy, chiefly to that striving of the will, that conflict with difficulty, which we call Effort. Easy, pleasant work does not make robust minds, does not give men a consciousness of their powers, does not train them to endurance, to perseverance, to steady force of will, that force without which all other acquisitions avail nothing. Manual labour is a school, in which men are placed to get energy of purpose and character, a vastly more important endowment than all the learning of all other schools. They are placed, indeed, under hard masters, physical sufferings and wants, the power of fearful elements, and the vicissitudes of all human things; but these stern teachers do a work which no compassionate indulgent friend could do for us; and true wisdom will bless Providence for their sharp ministry. I have great faith in hard work. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more for our minds by the pains it inflicts, by its obstinate resistance, which nothing but patient toil can overcome; by its vast forces, which nothing but unremitting skill and effort can turn to our use; by its perils, which demand continual vigilance; and by its tendencies to decay. I believe that difficulties are more important to the human mind than what we call assistances. Work we all must, if we mean to bring out and perfect our nature. Even if we do not work with the hands, we must undergo equivalent toil in some other direction. No business or study which does not present obstacles, taking to the full the intellect and the will, is worthy of a man. In science, he who does not grapple with hard questions, who does not concentrate his whole intellect in vigorous attention, who does not aim to penetrate what at first repels him, will never attain to mental force. The uses of toil reach beyond the present world. The capacity of steady, earnest labour is, I apprehend, one of our great preparations for another state of being. When I see the vast amount of toil required of men, I feel that it must have important connections with their future existence; and that he who has met this discipline manfully, has laid one essential foundation of improvement, exertion, and happiness, in the world to come. You will here see that to me labour has great dignity. It is not merely the grand instrument by which the earth is overspread with fruitfulness and beauty, and the ocean subdued, and matter wrought into innumerable forms for comfort and ornament. It has a far higher function, which is, to give force to the will, efficiency, courage, the capacity of endurance and of persevering devotion to far-reaching plans. Alas, for the man who has not learned to work! He is a poor creature. He does not know himself. He depends on others, with no capacity of making returns for the support they give; and let him not fancy that he has a monopoly of enjoyment. Ease, rest, owes its deliciousness to toil; and no toil is so burdensome as the rest of him who has nothing to task and quicken his powers.

I do not, then, desire to release the labourer from toil. This is not the elevation to be sought for him. Manual labour is a great good; but in so saying, I must be understood to speak of labour in its just proportions. In excess it does great harm. It is not a good, when made the sole work of life. It must be joined with higher means of improvement, or it degrades instead of exalting. Man has a various nature, which requires a variety of occupation and discipline for its growth. Study, meditation, society, and relaxation, should be mixed up with his physical toils. He has intellect, heart, imagination, taste, as well as bones and muscles; and he is grievously wronged, when compelled to exclusive drudgery for bodily subsistence. Life should be an alternation of employments, so diversified as to call the whole man into action. Unhappily our present civilisation is far from realising

this idea. It tends to increase the amount of manual toil, at the very time that it renders this toil less favourable to the culture of the mind. The division of labour, which distinguishes civilised from savage life, and to which we owe chiefly the perfection of the arts, tends to dwarf the intellectual powers, by confining the activity of the individual to a narrow range, to a few details, perhaps to the heading of pins, the pointing of nails, or the tying together of broken strings; so that, while the savage has his faculties sharpened by various occupations, and by exposure to various perils, the civilised man treads a monotonous, stupifying round of unthinking toil. This cannot, must not, always be. Variety of action, corresponding to the variety of human powers, and fitted to develop all, is the most important element of human civilisation. It should be the aim of philanthropists. In proportion as Christianity shall spread the spirit of brotherhood, there will and must be a more equal distribution of toils and means of improvement. That system of labour which saps the health, and shortens life, and furnishes intellect, needs, and must receive, great modification. Still, labour in due proportion is an important part of our present toil. It is the condition of all outward comforts and improvements, whilst, at the same time, it conspires with higher means and influences in ministering to the vigour and growth of the soul. Let us not fight against it. We need this admonition, because at the present moment there is a general disposition to shun labour; and this ought to be regarded as a bad sign of our times. 'The city is thronged with adventurers from the country, and the liberal professions are overstocked, in the hope of escaping the primeval sentence of living by the sweat of the brow; and to this crowding of men into trade we owe not only the neglect of agriculture, but, what is far worse, the demoralisation of the community. It generates excessive competition, which of necessity generates fraud. Trade is turned to gambling; and a spirit of mad speculation exposes public and private interests to a disastrous instability. It is, then, no part of the philanthropy which would elevate the labouring body, to exempt them from manual toil. In truth, a wise philanthropy would, if possible, persuade all men of all conditions to mix up a measure of this toil with their other pursuits. The body as well as the mind needs vigorous exertion, and even the studious would be happier were they trained to labour as well as thought. Let us learn to regard manual toil as the true discipline of a man. Not a few of the wisest, grandest spirits, have toiled at the work-bench and the plough."

A MOTHER.

There's music in a mother's voice,
More sweet than breezes sighing;
There's kindness in a mother's glance,
Too pure for ever dying.
There's love within a mother's breast,
So deep, 'tis still o'erflowing,
And care for those she calls her own,
That's ever, ever growing.
There's anguish in a mother's tear
When farewell fondly taking,
That so the heart of pity moves,
It scarcely keeps from breaking.
And when a mother kneels to Heaven,
And for her child is praying,
Oh, who can half the fervour tell,
That burns in all she's saying?
A mother! how her tender arts
Can soothe the breast of sadness,
And through the gloom of life once more
Bid shine the sun of gladness.
A mother! when, like evening's star,
Her course has ceased before us,
From brighter worlds regards us still,
And watches fondly o'er us.

—Glasgow Free Press (newspaper).

WAR.

The following sarcastic recommendations are given by Dr Benjamin Rush, an eminent American physician and philanthropist, who died about thirty years ago:—

"In order to impress more deeply the minds of the citizens of the United States with the blessings of peace, by contrasting them with the evils of war, let the following inscription be painted on the sign which is placed over the door of the war-office at Washington, namely:—

An office for butchering the human species.
A widow-and-orphan-making office.
A broken-bone-making office.
A wooden-leg-making office.
An office for creating public and private vices.
An office for creating public debt.
An office for creating famine.
An office for creating pestilential diseases.
An office for creating poverty, and for the destruction of liberty and national happiness.

In the lobby, let there be painted representations of the common instruments of death; also, human skulls, broken bones, hospitals crowded with sick and wounded soldiers, villages on fire, ships sinking in the ocean, rivers dyed with blood, and extensive plains without a tree or fence, or any other object but the ruins of deserted farm-houses.

Above this group of woful figures, let the following words be inserted in red characters, to represent human blood:—

NATIONAL GLORY!"

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